fish that drive every last belief out of you, for what power, in the name of human sanity, could have conceived them ? There are beasts there more lovely than birds of paradise, more hideous than a nightmare. There are beasts there that are *both,* at once, though you may not believe it. There are sea-anemones and sea-urchins as big as footballs, and cod-fish as big as Grenadier guards-men, and sea-horses as small as shrimps. There are shells with a tremulous wave of beauty a-flutter from them, and there are crabs with the faces of politicians. Crabs! Every empty shell contains a crab. There are crabs in shells as small as a seed or as big as iny head. And the thirty seconds are now up, which is well, for already you do not believe the half that you have seen.

There is a stretch of thirty-five miles of lagoon known to me where river after river falls from the plateau to the sea, where mile on mile

is an un-
trodden Paradise, where league on
league runs the
unvisited reef. There is, for example,
the Black
Cave, that you approach by a winding
river, a
tropical forest, a steep slope under a
falling hill and
a deep silent sunless pool across which
you must